

# The Book Factory

By EDWARD ANTHONY.

Good contributions continue to arrive and crowd out our own stuff. For instance, this week we intended to top the column with some dialect verses we've written on Hugh Wiley's rollicking new book "Lily"—and along comes *Baron Ireland* (who's been writing so much stuff for *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Life* that we didn't know he had time for us) with a merry column length review of Joseph C. Lincoln's "Fair Harbor" (written in the appropriate form of sea chantey parody). We think we'll have to holler for more space or hereafter set the column in tiny ruby—a fitting type for our Gems of Thought.

By the way, *Baron Ireland* (whose ancestors were kings, queens, lords, dukes, &c.) tells us he sent us his poem in appreciation of the square deal we give royalty in our new book "The Pussycat Princess." The Baron promises us a royal reception when we visit him at the ancestral castle in Caldwell, N. J. His poem follows:

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN'S "FAIR HARBOR"  
(A Prelude and Some Chanteys.)

Prelude—*Bayport*.

Unique is this fishing town—not to say odd,  
From what angle soever you view it;  
It's the one, only town in the world on  
Cape Cod

Whose suffix ain't "set" or else "tuit."

I.—CAP'N SEARS KENDRICK  
(Tune of "Sally Brown.")

Cap'n Sears was a cap'n bold,  
Way, oh, roll and go!  
He was thirty-eight years old.  
Bet your money on Cap'n Sears.  
Whee—yip!

Cap'n he got in a railroad wreck,  
Way, oh, etc.  
Busted his spars close down to the deck,  
Bet your money, etc.

Thought he never could be cured,  
What can't be cured must be endured.  
Thinkin' he no more would roam,  
Started to run an old ladies' home.

That was a job was far from merry,  
But he was sorry for Elizabeth Berry.  
Her mother was matron, but how she'd  
shirk!

Elizabeth she done all the work.  
Cap'n Sears saved money and coal,  
A dum good manager, on the whole.  
Saved George Kent from bein' a crook,  
Saved 'most every one in the book.

Finely Cap'n's legs got better,  
Married Elizabeth Berry, God bless her!  
Sailed away to foreign lands,  
Him and Elizabeth holdin' hands.

Some of my lines rhymes kind of rankly,  
Way, oh, roll and go!  
But you don't need rhymes in a dipsey  
chantey.

Bet your money on Cap'n Sears.  
Whee—yip!

II.—JUDAH CAHOON

(Tune of "Ranzo Was No Sailor.")

Judah was no she cook,  
Pans, oh, boys, pans, oh!  
Judah was a sea cook,  
Pans, oh, boys, pans, oh!  
Here's to Judah's pans, oh!

Pans, oh, boys, pans, oh!

Hurrah for Judah's pans, oh!

Pans, oh, boys, pans, oh!

His face was full of whiskers,  
Pans, oh, etc.

His voice was full of blisters  
Pans, oh, etc.

Oh, poor Judah's pans, oh, etc.

At the house of Ogden Minot

He caretook and was pilot.

At Cap'n Kendrick's order  
He took him as a boarder.

The cookin' and the sweepin',  
He done 'em, by the creepin'!

The wood an' seaweed haulin',  
He done it, by the crawlin'!

He sang a lot of chanteys  
That shocked Fair Harbor's aunties.

But Cap'n Sears would stop him  
Because he knew it shocked 'em.

And here this chantey closes,  
Pans, oh, boys, pans, oh!

By creepin', crawlin' Moses!  
Pans, oh, boys, pans, oh!

Oh, poor Judah's pans, oh, etc.

III. to IX., inclusive. *Miss Elvira Snowden, Mrs. Aurora Chase, Mrs. Susanna Brackett, Mrs. Esther Tidditt, Mrs. Hattie Thomas, Miss Desire Peasley and Mrs. Constance Cahoon. Inmates of Fair Harbor, the home for Mariners' Women.*

(Tune of "Fire Down Below.")

Tongues a-waggin' fiercely,  
Tongues a-hangin' loose,  
Tongues a-clackin' wildly,  
Clackin' like the deuce.  
Clackin', clackin', CLACKIN' all the time!  
Fetch a couple o' gags!  
Clackin'! all the TIME!

X.—EGBERT PHILLIPS.

(Tune of "Blow, Boys, Blow!")

Who do you think is the villain of her?  
Blow, boys, blow!

Egbert Phillips, the old maid lover,  
Blow, my bully boys, blow!

He p'tends he ain't mad as a barber,  
Blow, boys, blow!

'Cause his wife left her money to found  
Fair Harbor,  
Blow, etc.

Oh, the whole dum town is in love with  
Phillips,  
But he ort to be busted a whop with a  
skillet.

He sets the hull town by the ears  
An' he gits 'em mad at Cap'n Sears.

He's awful slick an' insinuat'ing  
An' he gits George Kent to speculatin'.

He first makes up to Elizabeth's mother,  
But he runs away an' marries another.

Seein' he's him, that ain't so funny,  
'Cause he found Elvira she had more  
money.

But Cap'n Sears outwits the villain  
An' saves George Kent hisself from killin'.

An' Cap'n marries Elizabeth Berry,  
Blow, boys, blow!

An' that's the end, so let's be merry!  
Blow, my bully boys, blow!

BARON IRELAND.

## "Good Will's" Value

Continued from Preceding Page.

was heralded so widely as to bring it to the attention of the public and of practically all of the members of the medical profession who knew him by reputation or who would ordinarily have sent patients to him. Therefore after his death those physicians would not send any more patients to the office previously conducted by him, and if the office passed into the possession of another roentgenologist it could scarcely be said that its former occupancy by the deceased made it more valuable to his successor. Especially since it is unethical for a member of the learned professions, including law and medicine, to practice under the name of another who is deceased.

"It has been held," said the Surrogate in this case, "that a doctor may sell the good will of his business and that the court will recognize the right of the purchaser to such good will, but there seems to be a distinction between the business sold by a doctor during his lifetime and

the value of that business after his death. If sold during his lifetime he could introduce the purchaser to his patients and friends as a prudent and reliable physician, and such introduction would immediately give the purchaser a reputation and standing which otherwise might require years to establish. It seems to me that such introduction and recommendation to patients constitute the real consideration for the money paid to a retiring professional man by one who wishes to succeed him. But after a man who has acquired a reputation for great skill or knowledge is dead persons who would go to his office for the purpose of consulting him and availing themselves of his superior skill would not go there merely because the office was still open and occupied by another person who had no reputation for superior knowledge or skill."

The test laid down by the Surrogate for determining the value, if any, of the good will of the business of the deceased was whether his clientele would continue after his death to send their patients to his office, especially if an unknown physician should take the office and put his own name on the door.

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